

Good Evening!

By BIDE DUDLEY

My sister Arabella swims;
Oh, she's a bathing beauty;
And in the ballroom she's a dream,
A reg'lar dancing cutie.
At tennis she's a champion;
My, how her racquet swishes!
But ev'ry morning sister sleeps
While mother washes dishes.
My sister Arabella reads
The very latest fiction;
She's taking elocution too
To help her voice and diction.
Oh, she's a stylish girl, all right;
It's class that sister wishes.
I guess that's why she sleeps each
day
While mother washes dishes.

OBSERVATIONS.

A Sussex, N. J., hen thinks she is the mother of four kittens. It's probably the heat.
The ex-Kaiser has become a weather prognosticator. So far he hasn't been able to predict another reign for himself.
Prohibition Commissioner Haynes says it will take twenty-five years for the United States to dry up completely. What we want to know is how long it will take the Prohibition orators to dry up.

LAUGHING LENA.

(The philosopher of Sussex, N. J., once said no woman detective had real love in her heart, but he was wrong. Read this fascinating story of crime and a woman's affections.)

When Laughing Lena entered the Hoskins store nobody knew her. She wore a monocle and had been eating onions.

Slipping up to the storekeeper, she gave him a dig in the ribs.

"I am the detective," she whispered.

"Gwan! Yer not!" he replied, giggling. "If you are, tell me who kicked me?"

Lena stepped to the door and looked up and down the street. Turning, she strode to the pickle barrel.

Mrs. Hod Barnstable, the society leader, approached her.

"I believe you are an English gentlewoman," she said, smiling. "Yes," said Lena, disguising her voice so that it sounded very foreign.

At that moment Percival Leflingwell, a New York man of wealth, entered the door. He was a handsome fellow and single. Stepping up to Lena, he bowed.

"Am I in the right place?" he asked.

Lena eyed him closely. She did not know but what he was a crook. So many New York men are. His smile reassured her, however, and it was then that love entered her heart. Clearing her throat, she said:

"You are in the right place."
Mrs. Barnstable fainted. She thought Leflingwell must be the

man who had kicked Jeremiah Hoskins.
(To Be Continued.)

It's Brew, She Says.

Alice C. of New York writes to assure us that the smell that creeps into our boudoir each morning is from a brewing plant. She thinks it a shame that none of our neighbors has invited us to liquor up on home-made stuff and makes us a nice promise along this line. Oh, Alice, where art thou?

POEMS OF PREFERENCE.

Ethelynd T. has entered the contest for the velvet-lined oyster opener. She wants it to give to her mother who is very fond of oysters but always has trouble opening them gently. Ethelynd's rhyme follows:

Now I prefer a handsome man,
Whose heart is always true,
Whose eyes are beaming love at me
From pupils sweetly blue.
Oh, such a man as I describe
Would set my heart agog.
But one thing more—if he loves me
He's got to love my dog.

Who'll Volunteer?

Undertaker Hopper received his new auto hearse Tuesday and is eager to try it.—Wardville (O.) News.

JUST A LITTLE STORY.

He was a sickly looking young Negro, possibly eighteen years old. As he sat in an east side subway train a woman with a fretting baby entered. Plenty of men occupied seats, but it was the little Negro who got up and gave the woman his place. She sat down and he took hold of a handle to stand a few feet away. A rough-looking young white man before whom the Negro stood frowned. "Get away from me, coon!" he said. The Negro was surprised and did not move. Next the irritable man gave him a push. At that point a big man who had been standing in the vestibule went to the Negro's side. Shoving the irritable man's head back with a stiff push, he said:

"That'll be about all for you!"
"Yes, sir," replied the other, meekly. On his way back to the vestibule the big man stopped before the woman with the baby.

"Hello, Katie!" he said. "How's the little feller?"
"Not so well, John," she replied. As he leaned over to pat the baby's head his coat blew back, displaying a Central Office star.

Gomer Couldn't Cuss.

A horse stepped on Gomer Dinkton's foot in front of the M. E. Church Monday, just as services were beginning. Gomer was handicapped terrible.—Hepworth (N. J.) Globe.

AND NOW PERMIT US

To inform you that a Wells-ville boy who lost two fingers in handling a big firecracker on the Fourth intends to become a shorthand writer.

About Plays and Players

GEORGE W. LEDERER has resigned as an officer and director of Broadway Productions, Inc., and will produce next season solely on his own account. His first venture will be a production of "The Strawberry Blonde," a musical novelty from a foreign source, adapted by Harry B. and Robert B. Smith, with music by Maximilian Steiner of Vienna. Other plays he proposes doing are "The Bullyhoo," a comedy by C. F. Nirdlinger; "The Scrap Heap," a play by Jay Holly; and "The Big Town," a review written by Mr. Lederer himself after the manner of the pieces he popularized years ago when he was the tenant at the Casino.

TO REWRITE FARCE.

F. DODD Ackerman, who produced Paul Potter's farce, "Under Your Hat," at a dress rehearsal at the Longacre Theatre Thursday night, intends to have it rewritten and will stage it in the fall. A farce must be played over and over again before it is right, and Mr. Ackerman intends to have this one right. In its present form it proved enjoyable to a houseful of invited onlookers. The Equity supplied the cast for this experiment.

SHUBERT "VODE" NEWS.

E. Thomas Beatty has engaged Bobby Barry and Dick Lancaster for a Shubert unit.
Eddie Nelson has signed up Virginia Anne, an English singer, for his "Echoes of Broadway" revue.
Low Fields will have the stellar position in his own unit, which he calls "The Rita Girl of 19 and 22."
The Barr Twins, just from London,

have signed to appear in "Just for Laughs," a Shubert unit.
Stan Stanley and company have been engaged by Henry Dixon as an aided feature for his "Broadway Celebrities" revue.

ARTHUR CHANDLER, Blanche Ring and Charles Wininger will be starred in the unit known as "As You Were."

THAT TINNEY CIRCUS.

Arthur Hammerstein, all dressed up in his Sunday clothes, will lead the Frank Tinney Circus parade at Long Beach to-morrow. Mr. Hammerstein will bow to his friends along the line in response to the cheers. The circus will be held to-morrow night for the benefit of a hospital proposition. Fred Stone, Gilda Grey, Will Rogers and the Keith Boys' Band will participate. Mr. Tinney will be ring-master, animal trainer and other things like that. It is expected Long Beach will give up the long green.

GOSSIP.

George Broadhurst has engaged Douglas Wood for "Wild Cats Lane." Lou Tellegen will be at the Palace next week in a sketch called "Blind Love."

"The Cat and the Canary" will reach its 175th performance at the National to-night.
Glen Anders, recently of "The Circuit" in a new sketch, "The Little Writer."

Jacques Pierre has engaged William Burress, Lew Kelly and George Barnum for Julian Eltinge's company in "The Vanishing Lady."
During the three weeks' run of plays at the Threshold Playhouse there

JOE'S CAR

OH MR GETTUM - YOU SIMPLY MUST DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT MONEY FOR OUR CAR - YOU KNOW I WAS THE ONE WHO SOLD IT TO THAT MAN AND I FEEL RESPONSIBLE TO JOE!



THAT'S ALL RIGHT MADAM - DON'T WORRY - I'LL FIX IT UP SO YOUR HUSBAND WILL THINK IT'S ALL HIS FAULT!



LOOKA HERE, GETTUM - YOU GOTTA GET THAT DOUGH FOR MY CAR! MY WIFE'S MAKIN' IT HOT FOR ME - I'M AFRAID T'GO HOME AT NIGHT - THIS IS AN AWFUL MESS OL' MAN!



AN' I'LL SEE TO IT THAT YOU APPEAR TO BE BLAMELESS - LEAVE IT TO ME -



A LAWYER IS A WONDERFUL THING!!!



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THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY



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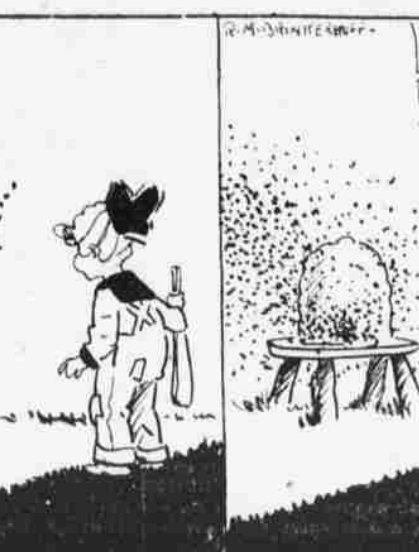
7:00 A.M.



They're Not All Dead Yet!

—BUD—COUNIHAN

LITTLE MARY MIX-UP



Essential Information!

MERRY MIXUPS

DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR STOCKINGS. WALK ON YOUR KNEES ALL YOU WANT TO. LAURENCE HIGHT (JESSE CITY, N.J.) THAT'S ALL RIGHT TAKE BIG DUES. CHAS. STONE. LET YOUR DOLL DROP. WE CAN GET YOU ANOTHER. BERNICE WASSERT. SEND A MERRY MIXUP TO MARY MIXUP. N.Y. EVENING WORLD.

KATINKA



A Narrow Escape at 7 at!

KRAZY KRAK

FROM F.D. LOEBHOSE, 55 STUYVESANT AVE. (ARCHWAY N.Y.) SOME PEOPLE ARE SO DUMB THEY THINK A THEATRICAL ROLE IS AN ACTOR'S BREAKFAST.

Capr. 1922 (N. Y. Eve. World) By Press Pub. Co.

Ken Kling

Get Acquainted with "Beautiful Bab"

A New Evening World Comic

It's a Snappy Serial Story

Featuring "BAB"

An Up-to-Date "Flapper"

Who'll Keep You Laughing and Guessing

Begins on this Page Monday, July 10



The Day's Good Stories

PROOF POSITIVE.

THERE recently entered the office of a railway claim agent an old darkey who presented a request for compensation for the alleged loss of a mule, which was said to have been killed by one of the trains. "You are sure," remarked the agent, after hearing the story, "that it was our Atlanta express that killed your mule? Why are you so positive on that point?" "Why, boss," said the Negro, as if surprised at the question, "dat mule done licked every other train on yo' road!"—Harper's Magazine.

HIBERNIAN HYPERBOLE.

IN one of our New England summer resorts lives, during the summer, a family having four small children of assorted sizes, and several dogs. In the employ of the household is an Irish maid whose duties include keeping the living rooms of the house in order. Early in the season the streets of the village are treated to a coat of tar, a proceeding attended by much trucking about of the sticky concoction by the children and the dog. Nora's distress of mind after one of these experiences is great, for she is a clean-

ly soul who has the appearance of her domain much at heart. When the untidiness was at its worst one day she went in search of her mistress and complained: "I give you me wor-rd, Mrs. Brody, that for every want the boys and them dogs has gone out of this house this day, they've come in twenty-five times!"—Harper's Magazine.

REAL GRATITUDE.

FOR some time Mrs. Carraway had been endeavoring to instill into the heart of her youngest, Tommy, aged ten, the sentiment of generosity, which, it seemed to her, was not naturally present. In this relation she had been especially careful to commend to Tommy's consideration the son of a poor family in the neighborhood. One day Tommy came home radiant. "Well," he said to his mother, "I gave that poor boy half of the box of candy you bought for me." The mother also beamed. "You are a dear little man," she said. "Was the poor boy grateful?" "Yes, ma'am," said Tommy; "he was grateful, all right. He came round to the school yard and let I lick him where everybody was looking on."—Harper's Magazine.